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CHARITY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"AUNT Malinda, please give me a pin," said a bright looking, but shabbily dressed little fellow, opening the door of Mrs. Lane's kitchen.

"Just see here," he added, pointing to a large rent on the knee of his trousers; "me and Will Brown were playing 'tag,' and I fell down and tore this!"

"Why don't you run home and get your mother to mend it, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lane, as she did her best to bring together the severed parts.

"O, 'cause mother ain't at home; she's gone to the 'Society for Clothing Destitute Children.'"

"Destitute children!" ejaculated Mrs. Lane, as she surveyed her nephew from head to foot. "If *you* don't come under that class, then never a child did! Why you are all rags and tatters!"

"I know it, aunt," responded the boy moodily; "but it ain't my fault. Mother says she ain't no time to mend my clothes, and if she did, they'd be just as bad the next day; so what's the use? Father said last night that I looked like a little heathen, and he almost wished I was, for mother would then think I was worth looking after a little."

"Have you had any supper, Johnny?"

"No," said the boy, casting a longing look at the generous piece of pumpkin pie that his aunt was cutting; "mother left some cold victuals on the table for father and me, but——"

"Well," interrupted the good woman, placing the pie upon a plate, and adding to it a couple of the doughnuts she was frying, and a slice of cheese, "you just take this, and mind that you don't leave a bit of it."

Johnny lost no time in obeying his

aunt's peremptory, but by no means unpleasant injunction, and the contents of the plate rapidly disappeared before his energetic assault.

"I wish mother stayed at home, just as you do, aunt," he said, as he opened the door, casting a lingering look back upon the cheerful, cozy-looking kitchen.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Lane, as, taking up the rolling-pin, she resumed her labours, "if it isn't a shame for Nancy to neglect that boy so! He's so ragged and dirty that I am actually ashamed of him, and his mother an active member of half-a-dozen charitable societies! As for brother John, he's clean discouraged, and I don't wonder much at it. I don't believe he comes home to a warm supper once a week! It's *my* belief that it's a woman's business *first* to look after the comforts of her own family; *then* if she has any time to do for others, well and good. Charity ought to *begin* at home, if it don't stay there!"

"There's aunt Nancy now just coming into the gate," said her daughter Betsey, as, looking up from the apples she was paring, she chanced to glance out of the window.

Indignant as she was, it was not in good-natured Mrs. Lane's heart to refuse a kindly greeting to her sister-in-law, who was evidently too full of her own concerns to have noticed a lack of cordiality, had there been any.

"How dy'e do, sister Lane? How dy'e do, Betsey?" she said, seating herself in the first chair she came to, as if quite exhausted, though her keen black eyes looked as bright and sharp as ever. "Always cooking, I do declare! Ah, how it makes my heart ache to see you spending so much precious time in caring for this poor perishing body!"

"Folks can't live without eating," re-

sponded Mrs. Lane, a little tartly, as this remark called to mind what she considered to be her sister-in-law's remissness in the care of her family. "Leastways, I haven't found out any other way of living."

"You always *did* make nice doughnuts, Malinda," said Mrs. Shaw, very com-posedly helping herself to one. "These are light as a honeycomb," she added, as she broke it open and proceeded to dispose of it with evident satisfaction.

"I don't know when I have made any kind of pastry. Professor Spare, who lectured here last winter, says that they are very unhealthy, entirely destroying what he called the digestive apparatus."

"Yes, I know," returned Mrs. Lane, dryly. "Husband invited him home to tea one day, and I couldn't perceive that he had any objection to my pies and cakes. Indeed, I remember thinking that if that was his ordinary way of eating, I shouldn't like to be the one to cook for him. And let folks say what they may, I never will think that plain light pastry, eaten moderately, ever hurt anybody. I always let *my* children have it, and they are as hearty and rosy a set of boys and girls as you can find anywhere; as I am sure they wouldn't be if they were fed on cold, half-cooked victuals, given to them in any way, and just when it happened!"

"It isn't always the rosiest and freshest children that are the healthiest," said Mrs. Shaw, helping herself to another doughnut. "Now I think of it, I am certain that I can see a pimple on Betsey's nose—a sure proof of over-eating; and John Thomas isn't nigh so strong as my Johnny, who isn't more than a year or so the oldest. But I guess I'll do my errand, and be going. I called to tell you that we are going to have a fair for the benefit of the oppressed Poles. I'm on the 'Committee of Arrangements,' and really hope, sister Lane, that you'll take right hold and do everything in your power to forward this noble and praiseworthy object."

"No, thank you," returned her sister-in-law. "I think I can find objects of charity nearer home than Poland. But there *is* a society, of which you are a member, that I think I should like to join," she resumed, after a moment's thought; "the one for clothing and pro-

viding for destitute and neglected children."

Mrs. Shaw's countenance brightened.

"I believe I paid the initiation fee about a year ago, when it was first organized. I did that cheerfully, though what I then considered to be duties nearer home prevented my doing more. I will pay it over again, however, only I must have the privilege of bringing a destitute child with me. I often see a little boy roaming about the streets, whose forlorn and neglected appearance fills my heart with pity."

"Certainly; that is what we expect and desire every member to do, as she has opportunity. We have a number of little jackets and pants made, and there'll be some among them that will fit him. Our next meeting is just a week from to-day, remember, at Squire Mayo's."

There was a merry twinkle in Mrs. Lane's eyes that night, as she superintended preparations for supper, which ever and anon deepened into a smile; but though the children were anxious to know "what mother was smiling about," she kept her own counsel.

The next Wednesday afternoon a score or more of ladies were seated in Squire Mayo's parlour with busy tongues.

"There is Mrs. Lane coming up the walk," exclaimed Mrs. Mayo, who was seated at the window. "Just see what a wretched-looking boy she is leading by the hand! It can't be one of *her* children, for they are all models of neatness."

Mrs. Shaw was too busy distributing work to even glance at the window.

"I forgot to tell you, ladies," she said, "that my sister-in-law joins our society this afternoon. The boy with her is no doubt the one she spoke to me about the other day, as a fit subject for our charity. I take considerable credit to myself," she added, complacently, "for persuading her to this step. Sister Lane is such a home body—so wrapped up in herself and family."

"Mrs. Lane is a kind-hearted woman," replied an old lady, who was knitting in one corner of the room, "and does a great deal of good in a quiet way."

"Sister Lane *means* well—there is no doubt of *that*," resumed Mrs. Shaw with a magnanimous air. "But, according to

my way of thinking, charity without system or organization is worse than thrown away."

By this time Mrs. Lane was in the room.

"Good afternoon, ladies," she said, glancing around with a pleasant smile. "You see, sister Shaw, that I kept my word, and did not come alone," she added, as that individual fixed her eyes in undisguised astonishment upon the boy whose reluctant hand she held.

"I found this poor lad," she continued, "in an alley way, playing marbles with a number of profane and vicious boys, and who were uttering words in his hearing that I shudder to think of. The black eye he has got in a fight with one of them, in which it seems he had the worst of it. He is very dirty and ragged, as you see; but I offer no apology in bringing him to you in this condition, as I know your society was formed for the benefit of such, and trust that under kindly care he will soon present quite another appearance."

Twice did Mrs. Shaw essay to interrupt the speaker, but anger and shame choked her utterance. When she had concluded, she sprang to her feet.

"Malinda Lane," she ejaculated, "do you mean to pretend that you don't know that that is my boy?"

"Your boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, starting with dissembled amazement. "Is it possible? Now that I look at him closer, it *does* look like Johnny. But who would have thought it! I leave it to you," she added, addressing the other ladies, "if the mistake was not a very natural one, or if ever child, apparently, stood more in need of your friendly offices."

This assertion could not be denied by any present, certainly not by Mrs. Shaw, who was completely silenced, though she looked unutterable things.

Not long after she could have been seen with poor luckless Johnny "in tow," taking a round-about course in the direction for home; for, unlike her sister-in-law when she escorted him thither, she went by the darkest and most unfrequented streets.

This sharp but much needed lesson had a most happy result, as was evident not only by Johnny's improved appearance, but by the increased comfort of the whole

family. Mrs. Shaw learned, what it is to be feared that too many forget, that no object, however praiseworthy, can excuse the wife and mother in the neglect of *home* duties; that as there lies her truest happiness, so are there found the dearest objects of her care, who have the *first* claim upon her time and affections.

PROGNOSTICATIONS AND SAYINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

THE following extracts from speeches against the Reform Bill, introduced by Lord John Russell on the 1st of March, 1831, and carried, with some modifications, in the following year, are very suggestive:

The Duke of Newcastle said, "It would destroy the throne, despoil the church, abolish the House of Lords, overthrow the constitution, violate property, desolate the country, and annihilate liberty."

Sir R. H. Inglis declared that it meant "Revolution, not Reformation."

Mr. Shelley affirmed that "no government could last six months, if such a mad, revolutionary and radical measure passed. None so completely free and independent as members for close boroughs."

Sir C. Wetherell stated that it amounted to "Parliamentary confiscation, it was an unmitigated system of spoliation, mischievous, unconstitutional, and was corporation robbery."

Mr. Baring thought in a short time "it would lead to the destruction of all liberty."

Mr. Hope asserted it would exclude the "commercial and moneyed interests from all means of getting into Parliament."

Mr. Perceval defended the existence of the rotten boroughs as "furnishing a solution to that very curious problem, the extreme expansibility of our Constitution. All the interests in society were represented in money, the general representation of value, and as these boroughs could be obtained for money, all interests became by these means represented in society."

Lord Wharnccliffe averred that the present form of government could not be preserved. He said, "You owe your

liberties in great measure to the hereditary Peerage," and wished to know if they had ever been the "enemies of the people."

Lord Mulgrave maintained "that if pursued to that extent it would make of society one vast chaos."

Lord Winchelsea spoke of the irreparable injuries the Bill would inflict upon the country. "If we pass it," said he, "there will be a total stagnation of trade and commerce in London, from ferment and agitation." He called upon the prelates to help in the great and glorious work of "saving the country, and entitle themselves to the gratitude of posterity."

Earl of Harrowby asked how it would be possible to get their "eldest sons into Parliament. He could not consent to become an accomplice in what it would be impossible for him to consider in any other light than a great political crime."

Duke of Wellington affirmed that "under the Bill it would be impossible for the government of the country to be carried on upon any recognized principle of the British Constitution."

Lord Dudley believed "ruin was inevitable from so monstrous a measure."

Marquis of Londonderry called it "unjust, unconstitutional and unprincipled."

Earl of Haddington said, "These principles must eventually sweep away King, Lords and Commons."

Earl of Carnarvon spoke of it as "that change which puts in risk upon one die the whole existence of the country."

Lord Eldon asserted that "Monarchy would soon be at an end."

Lord Lyndhurst declared the Bill would "overthrow the rights and liberties of the people."

Archbishop of Canterbury said, "It was mischievous in its tendency, and dangerous to the fabric of the Constitution."

Duke of Gloucester thought it was "pregnant with mischief and danger."

Colonel Sibthorpe refused to "un-Christianize England."

How misguided and mistaken were these great men of '31 and '32, in opposing a measure which has brought nothing but blessing in its train!—but not more misguided and mistaken than those who in 1865 oppose a sound and comprehensive measure of Reform.

A LAY SERMON.

"A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me,'" &c.—LUKE.

SWEET visions of the country come up as we think of this story—visions of the bright sunshine and the blue sky and a radiant landscape—visions of trees and verdure and flowers—visions, too, of a farm-house in the midst, with its pasture lands and flocks and herds, of a farm-house of plenty, as would seem, and, for a time at least, of innocence and contentment and happiness—a sweet vision, I say, of brightness and bloom and tranquillity and prosperity and virtue—a fitting background, surely, for the beautiful and touching story we have now to consider.

Up to the commencement of the story, as I said, the spirit of peace and contentment had presided over this household; but now a hostile element declares itself. "Father," said the younger son one day, "give me the portion of goods which falleth to me." This son had passed, as children do pass, from boyhood to early manhood, and no one had dreamt of the inner change which had been all this while going on. By some chance, as would appear, rumours of a great, gay, busy world, lying beyond his peaceful home, had reached his ear, and, meeting him in this transition state, joined probably to a temperament naturally ardent and susceptible, had awakened strange sensations and longings within him. Day by day pondering this news, he had begun to weary of the simple routine of his home tasks and pleasures, till at length a desire grew up, quite passing into a fixed resolution, to see this great world for himself, to go and prove it for himself. Do not think, now, that this resolution was formed by him without many an inward misgiving and struggle, or without many a bitter thought of the anguish his departure would cause. And do not think, either, that it was chiefly to get rid of the restraints of home that he sought to leave it. No; but, as I think, the spirit of curiosity, the love of enterprize and adventure, the spirit of ambition, a sense of growing power, and a desire to test it upon a wider stage—these things were stirring within him; and I have no doubt

that, as he resolved his purpose, his full, fixed resolution was so to conduct himself in the new world he sought to enter, as one day to bring honour to the name he bore and the roof which had sheltered him. Therefore said he, "Father, give me the portion of goods which falleth to me." But whatever his own heart contained, we may be sure that there was surprise and dismay and anguish in his father's heart when he heard these words. Although in one sense there need scarcely have been surprise; for how natural it is for children of a certain temperament, and of all children, more or less, on attaining a certain age, to feel as did this son! And yet it somehow happens that this kind of impatience of home, this desire for change, is never manifested by our own children but we feel astonished that what has contented them so long contents them no longer. But let us understand, once for all, that these promptings of the inner spirit are, in truth, no more to be kept under than you could keep back the flowing tide. They come in the way of the natural growth and expansion of the faculties, that growth and expansion which we are somehow so strangely blind to; and our best wisdom consists in expecting them—better still, in preparing for them—so that when they do appear, we may be the better able to control them to safe and profitable issues. So I say, let no parent be distressed if one day home and himself should seem to be of less account to his children than they have been; but let him believe that it is God's doing, all whose ways are just and wise, and who will one day bring them back to him, to be his pride and joy in a way they would never have been had his own short-sighted wishes been carried out.

"Father, give me the portion of goods which falleth to me. And his father divided unto him his portion. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country."

How soon all this is said! Yet if ever words contained a whole volume of meaning, these do. Think of the father's dismay when he first hears his son's request, so significant of his future plans—think of the poor man going about the farm and house like one stunned by a

heavy blow, gazing piteously into every face he met, as if help could be there! Think, too, of the son in dread conflict with himself, again and again renewed, but utterly unable to deliver himself from the thralls which had gathered about him, yet only yielding with a pang which rent his very soul! Think, again, of the settled gloom which pervaded the hitherto happy household in view of the apprehended early departure of, I doubt not, a favourite member. I cannot paint the picture, but sure I am that all the elements of a very tragedy enter into the history of the "not many days" which the words record. But now see him fairly on his journey. He has turned to take a last look at the familiar scene; and as he takes this look, never has he been so near parting with his resolution to pursue his journey as at this moment: but as he has walked along, there has entered into his heart, probably unconsciously to himself, a new sense of freedom—of freedom, as it were, to do as he liked and go where he liked; and now this mocker of his peace makes itself felt, and in an instant all thoughts of home and all regrets are thrown off in his eagerness to proceed. And when he reaches the city, what then? Why, this thing for certain—a very intoxication of the senses as he came within the exciting whirl of the crowded streets and caught sight of the sparkling, moving panorama. But this subsiding, what then? Did he begin his new life well, I wonder? Did his good resolutions serve him? Was he in a fair way to work out his plans? Who can say? Yet I have no doubt of his good resolutions, or of his early endeavours to work them out; but the misfortune was, he had thrown himself, all unprepared as he was, into a conflict in which the strongest finds it almost impossible to maintain a steadfast aim and a steady nerve. Indeed, his very virtues might be supposed to have conspired against him to betray him. That openness and trustfulness of nature, so easily learnt in the country, and so safe withal—how this would expose him to the arts of the crafty and designing! That open-handedness, joined to a full purse, which he saw no reason for concealing—how this would bring about him the spendthrift and the dissolute! Habi-

usually unsuspecting, why should he suspect them, with their smooth speeches and flattering words? Was it their object, for purposes of their own, to lead him along the flowery paths of pleasure? Yet duty and pleasure with him had always gone hand in hand, and how was he to know of the serpent which lurked beneath? All this we may safely say in his favour; but, after all, was there not a point where real culpability began? What had become of his plans and resolutions? What had become of his battle with the strong in which he was to come off victor? Where was the honour of his present course? At the best, what a useless life he was leading! But worse—how often was his sense of right, of propriety and delicacy, his reverence for things sacred and holy, how often were these things shocked in the company he was keeping! Worse again—how was he himself fast sliding into practices for which no plea could be heard! And to make clear to him his culpability, how much of his peace of mind, his satisfaction with himself, was already gone! Plenty of warnings had he of the evil of his course; there was no possible blinding himself to what he was doing; but the evil was, he could not bring himself to put forth his power of will in the matter. He could not bring himself to utter the resolute, indispensable No, when temptation presented itself or his evil companions pleaded. So now, then, see him, with the terrible momentum of sin unchecked, of passions unbridled, sinking lower and lower, till only a physical impossibility prevented him sinking lower still! O the sad, sad story—how many counterparts to it are to be found in every age! Rushing, unthinking and unprepared, into conflict with the world's grand temptations, beaten, all but ruined—how often is the dreadful story to be repeated? O parents! seek early to fortify your children's minds with virtuous principles and resolutions; set vividly before them the awful sanctions upon which they rest; introduce them, too, as far as may be wise, to some knowledge of life, with its frightful deceits, that so they may be the better prepared for the struggle which in no case is to be wholly avoided. You cannot fully command the victory; but, depend upon it, it is very

much in your own hands. O to think of the contrast between this youth, open-browed, bright, innocent, when he so rashly left his father's house, and now when all this brightness is eclipsed and so much of this innocence is fled! I said, sinking lower and lower till only a physical impossibility prevented him sinking lower still. God be thanked for these physical impossibilities! God be thanked for the failure of health, or the failure of means, which surely comes at length to check the indefinite expansion of the principle of evil within us! His substance was at length spent; he had no longer aught to spend either upon the necessities of life or upon its pleasures; and, to make it the worse for him, just at this time a "mighty famine arose in the land," and the ordinary channels of industry, in which he might have retrieved his character and fortunes, were all closed against him. Behold him at length, then, in absolute want, he who had but so lately "wasted his substance." But he must *live*; so, as a last resource, he "joins himself to a citizen of that country," by whom he is "sent into the fields to feed swine." See him, then, again in the country; but does he get back his old peace? Alas! he is there against his will, and his heart, as we may fancy, is still with his city pleasures and gay companions. For who that has once given himself over to dissolute habits does not know how tenacious is the power of the appetites formed in the season of indulgence? O believe that the only safe step is out of such a path altogether; for he who has once trod the downward road has small power, and almost as little inclination, to retrace his steps. But not yet had this poor youth drained his full cup of misery. Doubtless he had hoped for food at least from his degrading employment, but soon he finds it will not even give him that; and now, almost starving, he is fain to eat of the very "swine's food, for no man," says the story, "gave unto him." Where were his gay city friends, then, do we ask? Why, where the companions of your unlawful pleasures always are when things go against you—not to be found. Not one stood by his side or gave him a thought in his dire extremity. "No man gave unto him." But as if the last link which

held him to his sinful city life were now broken, next we hear of his "coming to himself." Yes; he was free at length to see things as they were, his companions as they were, and himself; and let me say in passing, there is no process so terrible to a man who has led a sinful life as this same "coming to himself." But freer now to turn away from his city life and its deceitful pleasures, his heart wholly disenchanted, he is also freer to think of the home he has quitted; and bodily want, his starving condition, is the finger which first points the way. "How many servants," he thinks to himself, "in my father's house have bread enough and to spare, while I perish with hunger!" But what a flood of painful thoughts must have entered his mind at this first thought of home! He had deserted this home of plenty, flung to the winds its kindly shelter, broken from his father's love and protection—worse, he had forgotten, neglected, dishonoured his home. What could home any longer be to him? But even while he thus reflects, there rises before him a sweet, grateful vision of his father's unfaltering love and tenderness while he was yet a happy, innocent boy; and this image, if it deepened his self-reproaches, yet inspired his hope and confidence. "Oh," we might fancy him saying, "if my father could see me now, surely he would take compassion upon me." The next step is easy and instant. "I will arise and go to my father; * * * and he arose and came to his father." What a stern brevity seems to mark these words—and "*he came to his father*"! but who does not see how that it only answers to the fact? He is with his face homeward again—from sin and misery, homeward—from the world's deceptions and coldness and neglect, to home's love and shelter and protection; onward then he presses—no resting or loitering, but onward and still onward: "and he arose and came to his father." And now, what of this father whom he had deserted and forgotten and dishonoured? "And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him." O what a picture this of the paternal yearnings! His father was watching for him; one cannot think it was a chance looking out that day, but his habit, his daily habit, his habit many times a day. Cannot you imagine the

poor father pausing at his work, or going to the window, often and often, and looking wistfully forth in the direction his unhappy boy had taken, hoping, hoping at length almost against hope, to see his face again? But one day he does return: he is "yet a long way off," but his father sees him; he is in "rags and nakedness," and oh, how changed in countenance and form! but his father knows him, and "ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him." His father to do this! His father to receive him without even a word and look of reproach! Was it possible? O, depend upon it, never did his undutifulness, his ingratitude, his sins alike against God and his father, assume so dark a tinge as at this moment—never was he so near sinking to the earth in self-loathing! But could it be real that his father's arms were about his neck and his kiss upon his cheek? Or, if real, was it not in ignorance of what he had done? Any how, he must disburden his heart of the sad tale: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." But it was real; and if he had sinned, was not his face turned towards home and obedience again? So his father will not hear his tale, but drowns it all in a shout of joy: "My son is come back; he was lost, and is found—was dead, and is alive again!" And hand in hand, like father and young child once more, they go back to the old home, which soon rings with the same glad note—"The lost is found, the dead is alive again!"

Two thoughts seem to stand in the very front of the subject, and with these I will conclude.

1. What might be said to have been one great moving cause of this youth's happy return to God and virtue? What but this—a sweet and ennobling memory of home! Had that home been a different one to what it was, how certain it seems that the result would have been quite other! That abode of peace and innocence, how often did it flash upon him, amidst his sinful pursuits, in blissful, although accusing, contrast to the life he was leading! How often was he fain to turn from that life of unsatisfying pleasure, to the contemplation of home's pleasant tasks and stingless joys! How

glad was he at length to seek again its kindly shelter, there to begin his life anew! O parents, when your children leave your roof, see to it that they have this possession at least to take with them—a blissful memory of a virtuous and loving and happy home! For it will be a guard to their innocence when far away, or, failing that, shall yet be the plank to save them from utter shipwreck.

2. The thought which the subject was mainly intended to suggest. As you may remember, it was subject of remark amongst the Pharisees and others that Jesus should seek as he did the company of “publicans and sinners;” and they raised a charge thereon as to his own character and mode of life. What was Jesus’ reply? “For this cause came I into the world. I came to seek out and save the lost.” This indeed, he tells them, is the very attribute of heaven itself. The Great Father of all looks down from his throne, yearning for the return of his children to love and obedience; and when one does return, all heaven rings for joy. And then comes this beautiful story of the Prodigal Son, which, telling as was never told before of an earthly father’s love and forgiveness, was intended to tell even more emphatically of His great love towards all His children, even the erring and disobedient. O believe, this story is not a beautiful picture merely of a particular father’s love ages back in Palestine, but of His heart who is the common Father of us all! Wherever man is, there is His child—yonder in the great city, here in the town or hamlet—yonder in heathen lands, here in this Christian country; and the Great Father looks down upon each and all with yearnings unutterable, with love unquenchable, ready to enlighten, ready to pity, ready to forgive. And when He sees his erring child repenting, if only his child’s face be turned once more towards Him, He takes “compassion upon him,” runs to him, and falls upon his neck and kisses him,” all heaven bursting into rapture in sympathy. People talk of a great oblation necessary to be made, of a necessity there is for the Divine justice to be satisfied; but I find not a word of this kind here—not a syllable. No; but what I do see is an earthly father held up as

an emblem of the Heavenly one; and what I learn is, that if we come to our Heavenly Father truly repentant—ah! if only a sigh rises from our hearts for his acceptance and blessing—He will grant us whereof we seek, and give liberally, *upbraiding not*.

Halifax.

J. S.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of men I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong,
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise his justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbreeds
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord’s beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas, I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil my eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;

I hear, with groans and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin :

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed star my spirit clings :
I know that God is good !

Not mine to look when cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above ;
I know not of his hate—I know
His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long ;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove ;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronted balms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me, that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee !

HONEYBEL.

A FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN.

SOMEWHERE in the South of England there was once a fine piece of woodland. Tall elms, great oaks and silvery-barked beeches grew closely, yet not so much so but that the sunbeams shot down between their branches to the earth, and kissed into growth the seeds hidden in the brown mould. The ground, too, was broken and uneven. Here it rose into mossy hillocks, crowned with holly and hawthorn, and garlanded with the purplish leaves and lilac blossoms of the ground-ivy. There it sank into dells yellow with primroses, pink with wild flowers, and perfumed with the tiny woodroof. Again it opened into glades green with short, thick turf, and set with the broad leaves and white bells of the valley lily. Happy animal life brightened the pleasant spot. The nut-seeking squirrel leaped and chattered, the timid rabbit hid himself in the waving fern, the pigeon cooed, and the nightingale sung. There also came the fairies to dance on the dewy sward.

Upon the border of this wood dwelt a little child, who was called Honeybel on account of her loving ways. There was nothing that she liked so much as to hunt for acorns and hyacinths and curious orchises. One day she fell asleep under a group of elders, which grew on the edge of a glancing rill. Their spreading bloom arched her with its snow, and their scent, in which lies a fairy spell, deepened her slumber. The sun went down. The twilight followed. Then the stars came out silently, one by one. All was still, when a troop of fairies went laughing by, and stumbled against the dreamer with a touch like that of a rose-leaf. They screamed with fear, but at the moment the moon came from behind a cloud, and shewed them the closed eyes, the smiling lips, and the locked fingers still grasping a treasure of crimson buds. The Queen sighed, and exclaimed : " Why is she not of us ? Let us take her to the Fortunate Islands, which know neither cold nor tempests."

" We will do so," answered her husband.

" We will do so," echoed her little court.

There was but one way in which they could accomplish this purpose, and that was by means of a charmed liquid which they kept carefully in their home amidst the sea. It was called the water of Oblivion, and a single drop washed the past wholly from memory. If, however, the name of God were breathed in the faintest accents over the sparkling cup, its power for evil vanished for ever. While, therefore, one of the fairy band flew in quest of the magic draught, the rest sought to make Honeybel forget her evening prayer.

They transported her to the gay palaces filled with light and magic. Lovely forms danced around her, and she listened to pretty tales, or learned fairy games, or played with the flashing gems which were showered upon her in dazzling numbers. So the midnight came, the moment of fairy influence, and the messenger returned from her rapid flight offered her the diamond goblet which contained her fate. Weary, thirsty, and bewildered with the pleasures of the hour, she lifted it to drink—then suddenly replacing it, she clasped her hands, and whispered, "I thank Thee, Father."

With the words, a sorrowful wail went with a sobbing sound through the glittering hall; and jewelled pillar, and shining dome, and merry dances, passed from her sight, and behold she was safe beneath the elders in the gleam of the watching stars.

Dear children, when the fairy, Temptation, comes to you with winning smiles and sounding promises, send your thought upward to heaven; and the Father—who never forgets for a moment even the humblest of his creatures—will guide and guard you to the end.

FAITH BORN OF GOD.

THERE is a wonderful deal of rich and blessed meaning pressed into some expressions in the New Testament. Born of God is one of these. We all know that to be born of anything is to inherit its nature. And to be born of God is to inherit the nature of God. This we now do in one sense, for we are his creation, and a spark of his own divine being is in every human soul. It is this that gives us our claim upon his love and protection; this that enables us to call him

Father and causes him to address us as children. But to be born of God is a different thing from being born from him. The former is to inherit his nature; to grow into his purity and to advance to his perfection, not wholly, of course, but in degree, in kind. Accordingly, when we say that our faith is born of God we mean that it partakes of the Divine nature; that it inherits some of the Divine perfections. We have here a never-failing test whereby we can know the faiths of men. Nothing can be born of God unless it bears in this way the image and impress of the Divine mind. Of course, then, a faith which embodies those elements which are foreign to the heavenly love and goodness cannot be said to be born from above; cannot come from him. And, judging by this standard, how few of the faiths of the world will be acceptable in the sight of the Highest. We weep over the mistakes mankind make in regard to each other; their misapprehensions cause sorrow and gloom many times to settle over life's fairest prospects, and cause hopes to set in darkness that promised to brighten existence. But how much more are men mistaken in regard to God than they have ever been in regard to each other! How much more do they misapprehend his character than that of their friends and kindred! In the formal beliefs and impressions which obtain among men, there are imputations and conceptions which reflect very much more severely upon God than man ever attempted to reflect upon his fellow. "Man's inhumanity to man" does not equal God's inhumanity to the race if the current dogmas are of the truth, and all those creeds which leave the Fatherly care of God in doubt and cast reflections upon his loving kindness and care are only so many evidences that they cannot be of God. They are not born from the inspirations of his nature, and do not partake of the sanctities of his affection. They are only dark and morbid views of his heavenly jurisdiction, and under no proper or correct view of his nature or character can they be reconciled with what we know of him from that blessed story of love which the Saviour told in Galilee, and which drew men to him as naturally as the love itself draws men to God.

THOUGHTS AND FACTS ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN IGNORANCE AND CRIME.

It has been calculated that there are one hundred and fifty thousand persons in England and Wales living in known criminal habits. This is a serious blot on our civilization, such an army of vicious men and women preying upon the industry of others. Their cost to the country for repression is about two and a half millions of pounds sterling, and to this may be added the loss in stolen property, amounting to about ten millions of pounds. Their loss in the labour market might be estimated at seven and a half millions; so that the crime of our country costs us nearly twenty millions annually.

This statement involves a number of painful particulars connected with the uneasiness and distrust felt in not less than a million of homes, and the sorrow and shame felt in an equal number.

The questions we have chiefly to meet and deal with are the causes of crime and the remedies that ought to be provided against it. It would be difficult to point out all the causes and all the means of remedy; we shall refer to one or two in which every one can aid to bring about a better condition of society. It is a very satisfactory thing that, in the investigation of the causes of many calamities to our fellow-beings, they are traced to their very source and ultimately remedied; it is not less instructive to know that the causes of pauperism, crime, disease and other wide-spread evils, have had a fair share of public attention, and many unquestionable facts have led us up to the very source of the mischief, and implored us to put our finger upon the fountain of the evil to endeavour to dry it up for ever. The laws of some disasters are so complicated, it is not an easy thing to say what would be the complete remedy; so inaction is justified in such cases. Where the law has been noted, the causes of disaster put clearly down before us,—where the fluctuation of evil has been marked, all its remote and proximate causes without a doubt ascertained,—then the duty of remedy is imperative upon us. There are cases, moral and physical evils, which have almost at all times fixed and settled ante-

cedents; they are governed by a well-ascertained law. We do not mean to say that crime and vice in general have been so fully investigated, and so clearly discovered in their germ of life, as to belong to this category; yet we are told by those who have made this subject their study, that crime is more fixed and settled in its causes and laws of development and operation than even physical disease. Therefore, if men struggle with some success against disease and its consequent evils from its known antecedents, we may be able to grapple with crime still more successfully. A writer on the uniform action of the human will as exhibited in its mean results in social statistics, affirms, "*that from the slightest tendency to crime to the most depraved inclination of the human heart, certain laws may be deduced by which in a large population their recurrence may be predicted with greater certainty than the laws of disease and death.*" We have recently examined tables of the Statistical Society which go far to confirm this view. The duty, therefore, of action to remove crime from society becomes the more incumbent from such a fact.

Just thirty years ago, the Government of our country gave orders that the educational condition of all prisoners should be tabulated; so from that time to the present we have had constantly before us their mental status. And what do we discover? Nothing less than this, that ninety per cent. of all our criminals are ignorant persons. The prisoners for one year in England and Wales were 23,172. Out of these, only 86 had received "a superior education," we may say a good education. Nearly half of them could neither read nor write, and about twenty thousand in all, so imperfect was their knowledge of reading and writing, that they could not possibly have any interest in books. This is not the experience of one year only, but of a series of years. And this is the experience of the several prisons of our country under all the different and peculiar positions and temptations of different districts, that ignorance is the curse of the population and the chief cause of crime; that nine out of ten of the criminals are ignorant persons. In one prison of 1000 prisoners, ten of these were instructed in Christ's

doctrines; one out of every twenty knew something of the life of Christ; there were about 500 of this 1000 that were almost in complete ignorance that such a person as Christ had ever existed. Miss Carpenter says she learned that out of 19,000 persons that had been confined in Liverpool, only three per cent. of them could read and write. In another prison of 541 prisoners, only five of them had any knowledge of the history of Christ. Out of 157 persons in another prison, only twelve of them could read so as to make reading of any service to them. We have been favoured with the educational condition of those unfortunate and sinful women, from the last thirty years' prison statistics, and they tell the same tale of a neglected education. In London, only three out of 100 could read and write well, and only one out of 1000 had received a good education. "It is from such as these," says Rawson, "bred up in the darkest ignorance, debased by the vilest associates, and exposed to the most bitter trials and temptations, that the law expects and claims orderly habits and decent conduct. Vain hope—worse than vain—most shortsighted legislation, which only provides punishment for the natural offender, without employing any vigorous means to strike at the root of the evil and to prevent the growth of the offence!" If the Government of the country does not take up this matter of education so thoroughly as it ought, we are bound from the knowledge of the facts to do individually what we can to lessen the evils of crime and ignorance.

Perhaps no country in the world better illustrates the relationship between ignorance and crime than the United States of America. Educationally, the people of America may be divided into three classes. The lowest class in the free States are the Blacks. They are as a whole devoid of school learning. The next class are the Europeans; they are better educated than the Blacks are, but much worse than the natives of America. The highest are therefore the natives of the United States. And it is a remarkable thing that somewhat in the same ratio of their education is the ratio of crime. In a population of 1000 of the Blacks, there is a greater proportion of crime and pauperism than in the same

number of Europeans; and among the same number of Europeans, a greater portion of crime and pauperism than among the Americans. Nothing could be more conclusive than these facts, that there is an intimate connection between ignorance and crime. In our own country we find in the different districts which may be ranked as metropolitan, manufacturing and agricultural, the same proportion obtains between ignorance and crime, or with this slight difference, that in the metropolitan 87 per cent. of the criminals are ignorant, 88 per cent. among agriculturalists, and 91 per cent. in the manufacturing districts. Here seems a law, a well-founded relationship, between ignorance and crime operating equally among the different counties and the different countries of the world.

It is very true the inference we draw between ignorance and crime will not go unchallenged; that, like many other things, they may only be coincident, not dependent on and essential companions of each other.

The first objection might be stated thus: "That there may be just as much crime among the educated as the ignorant, but educated people can escape detection more easily than those poor ignorant persons that fall so frequently into the hands of the law."

We can scarcely admit this objection, for we believe both classes frequently escape detection, and that the poor and ignorant, in their petty pilfering and stealing and other crimes, are just as likely to escape, and do as frequently, as better educated people in their robberies.

The second objection is perhaps more forcible than the first. It is this: "Education, good education, may very properly be said to exist chiefly among those who are in their circumstances placed above most of the temptations to crime brought before the public bar."

We answer to this, that as a rule there has been less crime in years of poverty than in times of plenty. Persons who plead poverty for their crimes are very few, about 70 out of 1000, and these are generally old offenders; prosperous times of the country and less fortunate times are all alike to them. "Want and distress, uncombined with dissolute habits and ignorance, rarely operate in produc-

ing crime." The increase of crime in Australia after the discovery of gold was a remarkable proof. From 1 in 600 of the population being criminals, it rose to 2 in 600. The chaplain of one of our gaols, on this very subject of increased wealth without education, remarks—"What should have proved a blessing has often proved a curse; what should have been for their wealth is to them an occasion of falling. The want of moral and religious instruction debars millions of the people from the free use and enjoyment of advantages within their power."

It may be said that during the last fifty years there has been a great increase of education and a great increase in the criminals of our country. Both these statements are true. There has been a rapid progress in material civilization without a corresponding advancement in moral and religious instruction, notwithstanding all our schools; and the very condition of the criminals themselves has shewn the want of that education which should have advanced with our material wealth. This has thrown new and more frequent incentives to disorder among the people. Then, again, a vigilant police system and the abolition of severe penalties for small offences have caused an increase in the commitments. Petty thefts and forgeries in former times, being punished by death, were allowed to pass in innumerable cases without any notice. So the increase of crime during the last fifty years with an increased education, does not militate against the foregoing facts of the relationship between ignorance and crime.

We are quite aware that many thoughtful persons speak disparagingly of the moral influence of secular education. They would tell you that "an intelligent man does not imply a good man, nor the terms righteous, sober and godly man, imply a man of much secular education; that we sometimes find proficiency in science and progress in vice, penetration of mind and depravity of disposition; while at the same time we find men of pure minds with a very small share of what is generally termed a good education; that men are not criminals because they are uneducated; that they are not vicious because they are ignorant." In

reply to this we affirm, that the criminals of society and the vicious in general are uneducated persons; that a moderate-sized room would hold all the educated criminals of England, while we have 23,000 commitments annually; that 90 per cent. of these are uneducated persons, and only four in 1000 are persons of good education; that out of a population of thirty millions, there are only 84 per annum of persons of superior education found to be criminals. Whatever our theories may be, these are facts which confront us, and cry aloud, as did the prophet of ancient times, that "the people are destroyed through lack of knowledge." One of the ablest statisticians of our day has affirmed, in view of the educational and criminal condition of our population, "The conclusion is therefore irresistible that education is not only essential to the security of modern society, but that such education should be solid, useful, and above all Christian, in supersedence of much that is given by the weakest of the day-schools, and attempted by the most secular of the Sunday-schools. The Christian school, therefore, is our great instrument for the moral elevation of society, which even the unchristian should support on considerations of the most selfish interest."

In view of the foregoing *facts*, for they are not speculations, how incumbent is the work of education on the Christian church! No effort should be relaxed to establish and sustain schools which may impart a sound and useful education. It is a question of the means and energy we are willing to devote, that the people of our land may be saved from ignorance and from sin.

STRAWBERRIES.

I HAD a nice large strawberry bed,
Which with much care I tended;
And when the luscious fruit got ripe,
No man was better *friend*ed.
"Our good friend D.," they said to me,
"We always loved you dearly;
Your name is down upon our books,
'Mong those we visit yearly."
So year by year, in strawberry-time,
Their friendship duly proving,
They came, bringing their children too,
And they were just as loving.

"Our good friend D.," they said to me,
 "Your wife, we love her dearly,
 Her name stands high upon our books,
 'Mong those we visit yearly."

And then they sometimes stayed to tea,
 How could they well avoid it!
 Among the grass their children ran—
 The little rogues enjoyed it.
 "Our good friend D.," they said to me,
 "What a nice cook your wife is!
 'Tis all so tidy 'bout the house,
 Sure, yours a happy life is."

They came in the sweet month of June,
 The right day ne'er mistaking,
 And when they saw our bed, they gave
 Our hands a hearty shaking.
 "Our good friend D.," they said to me,
 "You have a fine location—
 Those grand old trees, like sentinels,
 Guard well your habitation."

And as they strolled across my fields,
 And saw my vines so thriving,
 And snuffed the zephyrs as they passed,
 So gentle, so reviving;
 "Our good friend D.," they said to me,
 "Now, really, this is charming!
 Others may boast of what they please,
 But you're our man for farming."

So time passed smoothly on the while;
 My strawberry bed I tended—
 My friends stuck by me—sure no man
 Was ever better *friended*.
 "Our good friend D.," they said to me,
 "We always loved you dearly;
 Your name stands high upon our books,
 'Mong those we visit yearly."

But when my strawberry vines grew old,
 And died for lack of tending,
 'Tis wonderful how they dropped off,
 Who used to come a *friending*.
 None said to me, "My good friend D."—
 None loved me beyond measure—
 None praised my trees, my farm, my vines,
 Or called my wife a treasure.

MORAL.

Those who the loss of friends do dread,
 Must tend with care their strawberry bed.

GOOD USE OF A SERMON.

MR. NOTT, a missionary to one of the islands in the Pacific Ocean, preached a sermon one day on the words, "Let him that stole steal no more." In the sermon he said it was a duty to return things that had formerly been stolen.

The next morning when he opened his door, he saw a number of natives sitting on the ground around his house. He was surprised to see them there so early, and asked why they had come. "We have not been able to sleep all night," they said. "We were at chapel yesterday, and heard you say from the word of God that Jehovah commanded us not to steal; whereas we used to worship a god who we thought would protect thieves. We have stolen. All these things that we have brought with us are stolen goods." Then one of the men held up a saw, saying, "I stole this from the carpenter of such a ship." Others held up knives and various tools.

"Why have you brought them to me?" asked Mr. Nott. "Take them home, and wait till the ships from which you stole them come again, and then return them, with a present besides." Still the people begged Mr. Nott to keep the things until they could find the owners. One man who had stolen from a missionary then being on another island, took a voyage of seventy miles to restore the goods.

That is the true way to improve by preaching—doing what it says. A great many people form good resolutions when they hear a sermon which touches the heart and instructs the conscience, but good resolutions are worth nothing unless they are *set to action*. That clinches the feelings, and makes them of value.

A SAD HERETIC.

BARONIUS, in his annals, tells us of a heretic named *Clemens*, to which was added the word *Scotus* to shew that he was a native of Scotland, who lived about the middle of the eighth century, (A.D. 745,) and who was guilty of grievous errors in faith. In the first place, he rejected the Canons of the Church, and despised everything that came from the Fathers and the Synods. Then, in the next place, he believed with the Jews that it was lawful to marry the wife of a deceased brother. And finally, and worst of all, he believed that the damned in hell will be saved through the ascension of Jesus Christ.

Freed from the colouring which a zealous Catholic would naturally give to such a heretic, Clemens Scotus was probably a

man who used his own judgment, and deemed the Scriptures better authority than the opinions of the Fathers and Councils; and having some conception of the exceeding greatness of the Divine Power which was manifested in Christ when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world but that which is to come, he concluded, with many others before his time and since, that finally, in the name of Christ, every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things on the earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. If poor Clemens left any books, they were probably burned, and he was fortunate in that day if he escaped being burned himself.

HOW TO LIVE.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All other life is short and vain.
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.
He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is being flung away.
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give.
Else is that being but a dream;
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.
Be what thou *seemest*! live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.
Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.
Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain.
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

OBEDIENCE.

A LESSON FOR CHILDREN.

IN a large midland city, about a year ago, this sad fact occurred, dear children. A youth who had been tenderly and lovingly spoiled by his father in his early years, after having had a good instruction and had been in a Sunday-school, grew tired of regular work. He joined some idle young men. Instead of benefiting by the opportunities of learning and gaining profit from labour, he took to shooting and other wild sports by night. He soon got into debt, which he had no means of paying. He returned home one morning, and, with his gun in his hand, entered the kitchen where his kind father was sitting. He asked for some money of him. As it was not the first time he had tried to extort money, his father at last was firm in his refusal. Enraged, the wretched son pointed the gun to his father's forehead, and shot him dead. With pitying eyes the father looked upon him, and fell. He fled—miserable youth! Soon he was taken, tried for murder, and sentenced. Then came his confession and shame and sorrow, which unbridled passion ever brings. In the highest court of the jail, which was above the other parts of the town, was he hung aloft, so that at least half the population of the town could see his end. Mothers led their little children out to look towards the appalling sight. A kind minister sought to pray with him. But no; ever before his eyes was that last look of his father in dying. Who could ever forget such sin? No; ages might pass; his Heavenly Father, looking into his soul, might forgive; but he himself would ever remember that last act of disobedience. When in a higher state, truly penitent, he awakes to a full sense of right and wrong, the stronger his love of God and of Jesus Christ, the more black will appear his ingratitude; never will remorse itself entirely blot out this deep stain on his soul. He may live for ever; we cannot suppose that improved memory could ever forget, ever hide it from the consciousness of his own spirit. Oh, dear children, think of this when evil friends entice you to any bad action, and see to what enormity of sin the least tendency of vice may lead you.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

JEWISH BELIEF.—The belief of the modern Jews is expressed by the great Rabbi Maimonides, of the eleventh century, in the following thirteen articles: 1st. That God is the Creator of all things; that he guides and supports all creatures; that he has done everything; and that he still acts, and shall act during the whole of eternity. 2d. That God is one. There is no unity like his. He alone hath been, is, and shall be, eternally our God. 3d. That God is incorporeal, and cannot have any material properties; and no corporeal essence can be compared with him. 4th. That God is the beginning and end of all things, and shall eternally subsist. 5th. That God alone ought to be worshiped, and none besides him adored. 6th. That whatsoever has been taught by the prophets is true. 7th. That Moses is the father and head of all contemporary doctors, and those who lived before, or shall live after him. 8th. That the law was given by Moses. 9th. That the law shall never be altered; and God will give no other. 10th. That God knows all the thoughts and actions of men. 11th. That God will regard the works of all those who have performed what he commands, and punish those who have transgressed his laws. 12th. That the Messiah is to come, though he tarry a long time. 13th. That there shall be a resurrection of the dead when God shall think fit.

TO ENSURE HEALTH FOR CHILDREN.—Give them plenty of milk, plenty of flannel, plenty of air, and plenty of sleep, and they will seldom, if ever, ail anything. That is, milk is the best diet, they must be warmly clothed, must be much out of doors, and must be allowed to sleep on till they awaken of their own accord.

THE SCRIBES PROTECTED FOR A TIME.—When a Jew, who was a famous Dutch printer, brought to Constantinople printing presses, &c., to introduce the art of printing in that city, the Vizier caused him to be hanged, declaring that it would be a great cruelty that one man should enrich himself by taking the bread of 11,000 scribes who gained their living by their pen.

A KIND WORD FOR MOTHER.—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limb, sense and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yea, winter with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless we are in all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone, when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts, when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few will befriend us in misfortune, then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

ALL THAT GLITTERS.—It is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are very often ditto—only more so!

KEEP A-HEAD.—March at the head of the ideas of your age, and then these ideas will follow and support you. If you march behind them, they will drag you on. And if you march against them, they will certainly prove your downfall.—*Louis Napoleon.*

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.—"I ventured to ask him whether, although the words of some texts of Scripture seemed strong in support of the dreadful doctrine of an eternity of punishment, we might not hope that the denunciation was figurative, and would not literally be executed."—"Johnson. Sir, you are to consider the intention of punishment in a future state. We have no reason to be sure that we shall then be no longer liable to offend against God. We do not know that even the angels are quite in a state of security; nay, we know some of them have fallen. It may therefore, perhaps, be necessary, in order to preserve both men and angels in a state of rectitude, that they should have continually before them the punishment of those who have deviated from it; but we hope that by some other means a fall from rectitude may be prevented. Some of the texts of Scripture upon this subject are, as you observe, indeed strong; but they may admit of a mitigated interpretation."—*Croker's Boswell's Johnson.*

THE FLOWERS.—As much nitrate of soda as can be held between the thumb and finger, it is said, if thrown into a glass or vase of water, will preserve flowers for the space of a fortnight. This may be an interesting fact for the ladies.

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